

Old New York as Seen Through Young Eyes

Greenwich Village Life Primitive in Old Days, Says John R. Voorhis, 92-Year-Old Resident

"The Village Does Not Exist East of Sixth Avenue"—Liberty Poles Were a Feature of the Early Days.

The Streets Were Lighted With Oil Lamps; No Illumination on Moonlight Nights; Pig Alley and Weehawken Market Rich in Tradition.

Story and Pictures by Will B. Johnstone



JOHN R. VOORHIS  
(91 YEARS OLD)  
PRES. BOARD OF ELECTIONS



NORTHERN DISPENSARY,  
CHRISTOPHER ST. AND  
WAVERLY PLACE, A  
GREENWICH VILLAGE  
LANDMARK SINCE 1931



OLD CHAM BROTH HOUSE  
WEHAWKEN STREET  
(OLD WEHAWKEN MARKET  
BLOCK)



THE BOYS HAD  
HOOP RACES IN THE  
OLD VILLAGE DAYS



"PIG ALLEY" BETWEEN PERRY AND CHARLES ST.  
LOOKING THROUGH FROM WEST TO WASHINGTON STREET

It takes a real old timer to remember real village life in New York City. The old timer is John R. Voorhis and the village is celebrated Greenwich Village.

John R. Voorhis, born in 1829, will be ninety-two years old next July 27. He is probably the oldest active man in New York City to-day. At the advanced age of ninety-one he is President of the Board of Elections, a highly responsible city department, with nearly a floor of offices in the Municipal Building. Born in Pompton Plains, N. J., he moved to New York City ninety years ago, and after ten years at No. 64 Sullivan Street lived practically the balance of the time in the vicinity of No. 756 Greenwich Street, corner of Bethune, Greenwich Village, his present home.

"More a patriot than a politician," he had been Commissioner of Excise, Police, Docks, Elections, Police Justice and Superintendent of Public Buildings, serving under Mayors Havensmeyer, 1876; Cooper, 1880; Grace, 1886; Hewitt, 1887; Grant, 1889; Gilroy, 1892; Strong, 1895; Van Wyck, 1898; Low, 1902; McEllan, 1904; President Alshon, 1910; Gov. Dix, 1911, and Board of Aldermen to-day. He knows all the city streets by their last names and some in the village by their first.

"Greenwich Village does not extend east of Sixth Avenue," said Judge Voorhis when he took me around the old place, thus divorcing Washington Square.

"Life was very primitive here in my youth. The houses were all frame with merely brick fronts then, with stables and wood sheds in the rear. We had no water, gas, steam heat or sewers. All garbage we didn't feed the horses, cows or chickens was deposited in the gutter and roaming pigs acted as scavengers.

"It's against the law to keep chickens now.

"Our only fire was sheet iron wood stoves and candles the only illumination until oil lamps came in. We had lamps for street lights then. I can remember the lamp lighter with stick in one hand, oil can in the other, going his rounds. He had an oil allowance so he wouldn't light up on moonlight nights or would stay up to extinguish the lamps at 1 A. M., when the moon rose late. All he saved was honest graft.

"Our water supply was rain from the roofs drained into cisterns. The churches had larger roofs, hence more water. Their cisterns were mostly used for fire.

"Liberty poles were a feature of my day. They were erected during the Revolution in front of patriot headquarters and supported flags emblematic of liberty sentiments. One used to stand in front of Riley's Hotel, corner of Carmine and Bedford Streets. It was 100 feet high and on festive days the volunteer fire companies used to compete to see which engine could play the highest stream over the pole. A 40-foot pole stood in front of the Northern Dispensary, No. 756 Greenwich Street. Another stood at the northeast corner here used to be a saloon where the brawlers always went on being released. It was appropriately named 'Liberty Hall.' It developed into a brewery, which now stands.

"This spot (between Perry and West Streets) was called 'Pig Alley' in my day. At No. 102 Perry Street is the old Cham Broth House, the old White House, where the brawlers always went on being released. There was no Republican Party then.

"As late as 1870 the land bounded by Perry, Fourth, Charles and Bleecker Streets was a cow lot. It was the famous old Van Nest estate and the mansion stood on the place.

"Weehawken Market was famous in the old days. The buildings still stand here between Christopher, 10th, West and Weehawken Streets. The old Cham Broth House is still here on the Weehawken Street side. The village used to patronize the market largely and also the old Oyster Basin on the river side between 10th and Perry. Oyster barges docked there. The big market to-day is up at the foot of Calverly Street, but it is hardly a success.

"The salt water pumping station is there too. That proved unsuccessful for free, when the salt water ruined more goods than it saved.

"Among the notables a Greenwich Village around 1875 was Capt. William Russell, 7th Regiment, Bessel was famous as a ball player on the Knickerbocker Club when they played amateur games in Hoboken. He lived in Morton Street. Samuel Hall, M. D., was in politics then and used to drive his trotting horses 'way up country' to Peter Du Bois's road house at Eighth Avenue and 145th Street.

"David M. Karl, provision merchant, and William Muir, jeweler, were also highly respected villagers.

"William Folger, sugar refiner, on Van Dam Street between Hudson and Greenwich, was with the elder Havensmeyer. He sold sweet cane sugar (powder and loaf), also in solid cones, familiar to all old-timers. We paid three and four cents a pound for it. It takes three spoonfuls of sugar to-day to equal the sweetness of the old product.

"Havilah M. Smith (immortal forename, common last) was a builder and erected the first modern apartment house (still standing) on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street. James and Alfred H. were also builders who put up most of the downtown stores on Leonard and Franklin Streets. There were no building strikes then. And they only got 10 shillings a day—\$1.25.

"State Senator James W. Booth, dyer, lived humbly between Grove and Christopher. He was a respected Republican, and people came from great distances to consult him on questions of policy.

"Under the sidewalk on the southeast corner of Bethune and Greenwich Streets, across from my home, is the old vault for the elevated cable. When the one car would grip this cable down by Franklin Street it would make a humming noise warning you of its approach." Mr. Voorhis then took me over to the celebrated Northern Dispensary, Waverly Place and Christopher Street, of which he is head trustee. The building dates back to 1831 and it has a noble record of free medical assistance.

"In 1827 Edgar Allan Poe dropped in to get something for a cold," states the record, not stating what he got.

"In 1851 Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, became a subscriber, giving \$500.

"W. D. Banks, brother of the well known artist George Luks, is superintendent and could write a volume on the odd cases and types that come to the dispensary from Greenwich Village to-day.

"Rose Foster Stokes, socialist under indictment, lives at No. 90 Grove Street, phone box; George Middleton, playwright, lives at No. 118 Christopher Street; Senator La Follette's daughter, Fola, former actress, is his wife. Walter Hamilton and George Arliss also resided there.

"Old villagers are prouder of the old days than the new. The days when the boys rolled hoops around Washington Square, played 'fongos' (baseball), skated on dunned up gutters or watched Chris Gwyer hunt cattle, winding them to slaughter with a windlass.

"Why, my dear, I had no idea of

Maxims of a Modern Maid

By Marjorie Moore Marshall

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MAJORITY, like the department stores, could not get along nowadays without the exchange privilege.

The girl with golden curls and a pink and white complexion is any man's idea of an angel—even if she has a selfish mouth and a small, cold blue eye.

When Daniel Webster saluted liberty and union, one and inseparable, he was not thinking of the matrimonial union.

How in the world did a "sundae" summer girl ever transform herself into a bathroom beauty before the art of make-up reached the present miracle-working stage?

Every wife with a grudge can cheer up by reflecting that the sort of man who never makes a woman unhappy never makes her happy either.

No man ever falls in love with his stenographer—he falls in love with the "understanding little pal" he thinks she is.

Now that women have won votes, perhaps an occasional valiant soul may be allowed an idea of her own—even when a man is around.


Silence is platinum, when the topic of another woman's husband crops into the conversation. If you say you like him, she is suspicious; if you say you dislike him, she wonders why you should adopt that attitude.

If you want to tell the age of a horse, look in its mouth; if you want to know whether a woman is old, look at her hands.




Can You Beat It!


By Maurice Ketten




HERE ARE THE SAMPLES OF WALL PAPER FOR THE ROOM




LET'S LOOK AT THEM




THAT'S BUN PAPER I HATE IT!



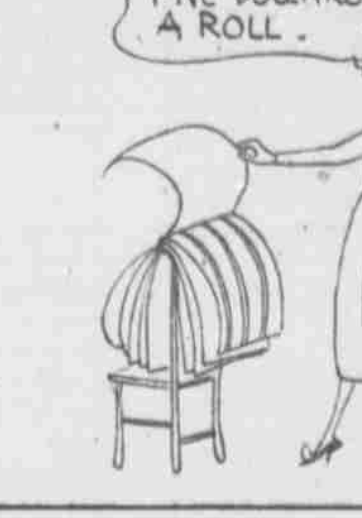
IT'S TOO FUSSY!




THIS IS THE ONLY GOOD PAPER IN THE WHOLE BOOK




HOW MUCH?




FIVE DOLLARS A ROLL




GEE WHIZ! PAPER COSTS MONEY.




LET'S PUT THIS ON THE WALL IT'S VERY GOOD PAPER AND VERY DECORATIVE



DID YOU GET THAT OUT OF THE OLD TRUNK?



STOCK MARKET



IT WAS NOT SUCH A BAD INVESTMENT AFTER ALL!

Does a Woman Belong to Any Country Except the Land of Her Heart?

This Question Suggested by the Engagement of the Former Beautiful Lily Langham (Baroness Speck von Sternburg) and Adolf Pavenstedt, a New York Banker.

By Marjorie Dean.

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DOES a woman belong to any country except the country of the heart? If love and nationalism fight for a woman, is it not love which wins?

These questions have been asked before, but they are suggested again by the announcement just made of the engagement and forthcoming marriage of Baroness Speck von Sternburg, American born widow of the former German Ambassador, and Adolf Pavenstedt, former banker of this city, who during the war was interned as a dangerous enemy alien and who has been described as Boie Pasha's paymaster.

Never did any one profess greater goodness at returning to her native land than the Baroness von Sternburg, who went to Germany to live after her husband's death in 1918 and was there when the war broke out. But less than a year ago, on the eve of sailing from Copenhagen for New York, she told a World correspondent almost with tears in her eyes, "How overjoyed I am at the prospect of seeing my beloved native land again."

Now she has just sailed back to Europe, where, at Aachen, France, the home of her youngest sister, the wife of the French Admiral, Count de Faramond de Laffargue, she will again become the wife of a native of the country with which we are still technically at war. And her prospective second husband, Adolf Pavenstedt, was interned at Fort Okechorg, Jackson after we entered the war.

So his wife will become, as it were, twice a German citizen, since she will have married two Germans. Yet she was born in California, that State of lovely American women, and, before her first marriage, lived in Kentucky, another State famed for its American belles.

She assuredly was one of them—Lillian May Langham, to give her maiden name.

"Her eyes are dark blue," according to a description printed not long after her marriage, "shaded by long black lashes, and her hair is dark brown with a tinge of auburn. She is rather petite and has a wonderful complexion and a slender, graceful figure." There are white streaks now in her beautiful hair, but she is still a charming and attractive woman.

Her first marriage is admitted to



BARONESS VON STERNBURG

have been a love match. She first met von Sternburg on an ocean liner, and much of the romance had the sea for a setting, as she twice crossed on the same ship with him. She was educated abroad and made her debut in London, although born in this country and spending much time with her uncle, Arthur Langham, a Kentucky business man and horseman.

The marriage could not take place, despite the desire of the young people, until the Kaiser's consent had been obtained, as Von Sternburg even then was in the diplomatic service. Finally the All-Highest gave his permission, and afterward the beautiful and winning American woman became a great favorite with the imperial family.

He was one of the most popular members of Roosevelt's "Tennis Cabinet," and "Teddy" informally greeted him as "specsy." He rode, hunted and played tennis with the President, and his wife made one of Washington's most popular hostesses. The marriage of the youngest sister, Ivy Langham, from whose home the Baroness will shortly wed, took place in 1904, at the German Embassy in the capital, and was one of the most events of the season.

The Baroness also attended the bronze statue of Frederick the Great, presented in 1904 to the American people by the Kaiser.

She could not leave Germany during the war, although it is said her outspoken sympathy with America made her suffer many indignities and that she often was without food and shelter. When she landed in New York last December she declared that she had paid her passage here with borrowed money. "I am in the position of many of the titled women who married Germans long before the war was thought of," she added.

"And I hardly believe any of them are better off than I am. The last decent dress I have is the one I am wearing now."

Since that time, it was said as late as last April, the Baroness has practically lived on the charity of her American friends and relatives, although she had property here valued at something like \$100,000. But in the routine of Government policy this was seized and turned over to the custody of the Alien Property Custodian, by whom it could not be restored without Act of Congress.

Surely, as much as any one, the Baroness von Sternburg has been forced to realize the disadvantages of losing her American citizenship. And still she now returns to a foreign land, to marry again a man of foreign birth, at the call of her heart.

GLIMPSES INTO YORK SHOPS

HAVE you seen the knee braces? To be sure they are only on trial—oh, yes, they are really wearing them in Paris—but one merchant declares he is selling them and expects to renew his order right along. They are jeweled affairs and will by no means be invisible if worn by some of the ultra fashionable or with the modern diaphanous evening dresses.

Since ashes are required to brighten up the sombre dress tones that fashion now decrees the shops are displaying a bewildering assortment of handsome ribbons. Shades are made up of very wide and very gorgeous ribbon. There are loosely twisted about the hips—which is the present fashionable waistline—and tied at the left side in large loops and flowing ends.

The tams made of narrow white ribbon have been very popular as midsummer headgear and they are now being followed by the same chic models made up in colored ribbon. One in narrow brown and capucine ribbon edged with gold is very attractive.

Outrich is seen everywhere nowadays, even in the library or on the writing table in milady's boudoir. The ostrich plume has taken the place of the goose quill as a penholder. They are being featured in colors to match or harmonize with the desk sets and are \$5.50.

The ostrich wool sweater is something entirely new. One model is surprise tie-back effect and other long or three-quarter length sleeves is attractive. The ostrich effect is in the form of an edging around the collar, cuffs and bottom of sweater. They come in all the prevailing colors.

The new handbags bear almost prohibitive price tags. However, they are beautiful and we must have them, so what matters the price? The ostrich velvet bag seems to be the favorite in fabric bags and when one considers the exquisitely curved handles or those of metal set with jewels and the elaborate beaded effects it is no wonder the price is high. Black seems to be the most in demand, but this is probably due to the fact that black costumes are fashionable this season.